



# The Cleaner.

Vol. III.

No. 2.

MARCH, 1903.

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# THE GLEANER

Vol. III.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, MARCH, 1903.

No. 2.

## SPRING.

The budding floweret blushes at the light,  
The meads he sprinkled with the yellow hue,  
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,  
The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;  
The trees enleafed, into heaven straight,  
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling  
wind is brought.

The evening comes and brings the dews  
along,  
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,  
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the  
song,  
Young ivy round the door-post doth  
entwine;  
I lay me on the grass; yet to my will,  
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something  
still.

SELECTED.

## The Chinese New Year.

February first was the Chinese New Year, and being free from college duties, as the day was Sunday, I took advantage of the occasion by visiting Chinatown.

As I entered Chinatown in San Francisco, I was fortunate enough to meet Wrang Pong, the cook at the Berkeley boarding-house. Mr. Pong officiated as my guide and piloted me to several Chinese "Joss-houses." These are in reality temples of worship where the Joss or Idol is kept. The Idol consists of a gilded image of a hideous man surrounded by weird fantastic designs and kept shrouded in an atmosphere of holy incense of sandal-wood. On the right as you enter the "holy of holies," Confucius, enshrined

in a gilded case, greets you with a benignant smile. At the feet of the Joss offerings of flowers and fruits were laid, and there were additional offerings provided for the ancestors of the celestial suppliants, as the Chinese also believe in the divinity of their remote ancestors.

The walls of the temple were profusely decorated with marble slabs inscribed with prayers and proverbs in Chinese, the slabs being adorned with costly banners and tapestries embroidered with designs of silk, every thread of which was woven by hand.

Wishing to ascertain the quality of the silk, I touched one of the sacred hangings and immediately there arose, simultaneously with my sacriligious action, a harsh and sepulchral sound that seemed to be emitted from the depths of the very Idol itself, and a voice in Oriental English cried in premonitory tones, "No touchee."

But alas! it was too late, and I knew my fate was sealed, for the priest of the temple, whose voice I had just heard, reached for a stick and beat obstreperously on a rude drum which was strapped to the wall overhead.

While the irate celestial was beating the holy drum, I looked about to beat a retreat, but no avenue presented itself, so I fortified myself behind Confucius (the blessed saint) to await developments.

During the unearthly din my fears were increasing. I expected to be assailed by a horde of yellow devils and either be precipitated from the balcony of the temple to the street below or be roasted alive



as a sacrifice to the Joss for my intrepidity. But happily I waited in vain. With nothing more serious than a sardonic grin from the priestly visage, I was liberated from further apprehension and afterwards learned that the sacred music was made to drive away the evil spirits that prompted me to contaminate the holy vestments.

Shortly after this incident, as I was standing at a safe distance from the scene of recent turbulence, a Chinese elder approached the shrine with a two-year-old boy in his arms, and in prayerful meditation offered his offspring to the service of Joss. The youthful "Samuel" hailed the hideous apparition with delight, clapping his hands in glee as though contemplating the gift of a new toy.

Stepping out upon the balcony a picturesque sight met my eyes. Every housetop was surmounted with a silken banner of varied colors bearing the golden dragon emblematic of the Chinese nation. The streets were filled with happy gatherings of Chinese children, in gala attire, being clad in clothes of bright colors, green and gold in predominance. The groups of "kids" would scatter hither and thither attracted by the fireworks which the elders of the race were flinging from the windows, and in their eagerness for unexploded "crackers," they would be disastrously repulsed by those that exploded in their hands.

Other groups were amusing themselves by tantalizing their companions with cotton balls attached to rubber strings, which they would fling in each others faces.

The women flaunted gowns of gorgeous patterns and with their hair tied in a knot in the back bound with bright colored beads and ribbons, and their small feet religiously encased in tiny slippers with very high heels, greatly resembled dolls out for an airing.

I descended the stairs and walked through the narrow streets jostled unceremoniously by the merry-makers and hurrying merchants. I noted the vendors of

sweetmeats bargaining with New Year shoppers, the eager tourists picking their way through the dens and joints, and with the aid of a guide through subterranean regions. I passed the theatres whence the sound of revelling could be heard upon the streets.

In one of them an extremely amusing scene was being enacted—a Chinese couple were singing a love ditty. They would scream in unison (I presume in lieu of music) advancing toward each other and shaking their extended hands in each others faces. Then they would retire and stop singing for a moment, then begin anew, repeating these antics many times to the delight of the almond-eyed audience, which formed a circle about them.

It was dusk as I left this China of the Occident, and as I entered the precincts of the Caucasian race, I could observe behind me many thousand immense lanterns which, now alight, gave color to the picturesque scene.

MAURICE MITZMAIN, '02.



## The Shipwreck.

All day long, by the seashore, where the sea gulls plumed their snowy feathers and "Mother Carey's Chickens" loud screechings rent the air, the old man sat. His face, tanned by many a summer's sun, bore the wrinkles of care. His back was bent by the weight of years and his hoary head still claimed the unkempt ringlets which hung over his ears. His lean hand shook from nervousness as he fumbled a staff, which he always took with him in his journeys. His garments were ragged and soiled, and the chill wind found easy access to his feeble body, which quivered like a young cypress during a storm.

Perhaps Providence had been unkind to him or Father Time had tried to work his destruction. Misfortune may have been his guide and the cares and tribulations which had confronted him may

have been unbearable and may have caused him to grow old before his time.

He had seen the sun proclaim the birth of day, and had watched it as it played hide and seek with his shadow on the seashore and had followed it in its wanderings through the heavens. He had seen the fishermen pull in their nets and had heard their chuckles of laughter as they landed their morning's catch. He had heard the Angelus bell calling the people to their daily worship and had heard the rattle of the costermongers' carts as they hurried to the market places.

Many had passed him and stared at his costume as though he were another Rip VanWinkle, who had awakened from a twenty years' slumber. Some even came up to him to warn him of the noon hour and had sarcastically remarked that the beach was no place for ragamuffins to sun themselves. They had no respect for his old age, but their scoffing did not bother him in the least. He only mumbled and smiled reluctantly. Yet there he sat.

Now singing some loved melody which the thought of childhood recalled; now drawing figures with his cane on the soft sand; now dabbling in the water as the briny waves ran up the shore and back again into the surging foam.

Now his voice rang out with childish glee as he gathered the colored shells in their struggle with the sand to regain the ocean's billows.

Now he seemed to grow weary and rested his head upon his knee. Now he arose and walked silently along the beach, his withered face turned toward the waters and his dim eyes peering across the waves. Surely he was watching and waiting, waiting patiently, but for what? None but he could tell.

The sun had already gone to its bed in the golden west, and the first shades of evening were falling. The sky was screened with clouds which moved but slowly on their journey, and whose inky blackness foreboded a severe storm. The

wind shrieked about the shore, whirling the sand in the air and causing miniature sand-spouts here and there. The air became misty and the figures of passers-by were scarcely discernible. The sky lowered now and the gale came pouring through each seaward passage. The billows roared and the waves splashed against the rock-bound coast, sending the spray far up the seashore. All along the beach large spaces appeared, showing where the water had torn holes in the sand as it subsided. The shutters on the windows of nearby houses rattled and swayed at the mercy of the tempest. Here and there lights appeared in the fishermen's dwellings and cast their mellowness into the cold night to guide some weary passenger on his homeward journey. Suddenly in the sky appeared flashes of lightning which made a grand contrast with the dark background, and then a clap of thunder followed by many more, sounding like some furious cannonade, announced the oncoming storm. A light rain began to fall, which soon increased. It seemed as though the clouds, tiring under the weight, were emptying themselves, so hard did it rain. In less than a minute's time the village streets were transformed into creeks and the seashore into a water shed. The billows rolled and beat the shore in their fury, while the wind gave vent to its wrath by tearing the smokestacks and shutters from some of the unfortunate fishermen's homes and blowing them into the sea. But in all this wild storm the old man patrolled the beach. He did not seem to mind the drenching rain, but drew his ragged coat tighter about him in a vain attempt to shield himself from the cold. He seemed to be fascinated by the raging sea and seemed to find a solace in the billows lashing at his feet.

Just then a bolt of lightning illumined the surrounding area and the old man shaded his eyes and peered far out into the surging waves. He imagined he saw a dark object tossing madly upon the

billows. He looked satisfied and laughed ironically, then muttered to himself. Again the lightning flashed and he looked attentively in the same direction. A struggling mass was all he could discern, yet it seemed sufficient. He turned away, and leaning on his staff wended his way homeward.

But for what had he been waiting? Why had he sat by the ocean all that livelong day and kept his furtive glance riveted on the foaming sea? Why had he braved the cold wind and drenching rain? Was it because he did not have a home that he could call his own, or was it because he knew naught what he was doing and that old age had crazed his brain? Was it because he had expected some loving friend on the "Henrietta," which was due to land in port that very morning, but which might be delayed a day or so on account of the raging storm? Surely the last question seems more probable. But even so, he surely would not have waited until that hour of the night, even for the dearest friend. His object was known to none but himself.

All through that dreary night the storm raged and the billows roared furiously. When morning dawned, the storm had passed, the sky was clearing overhead, the sunlight glanced through the scattered clouds; but the sea was still lashing the beach. But with the breaking of the dawn came the tidings of that night's awful work, for the shore was covered with wreckage that had been washed up by the waves. Too well did the fishermen know the meaning of that wreckage. Too well did they know the meaning of the tossing mass far out in the ocean. 'Twas nothing less than the remnants of the "Henrietta," which had been demolished by the tempest. Every soul on

board had perished, for no life boat could have weathered that sea on that memorable night.

When the news of the wreck of the "Henrietta" had circulated there was many a sad heart in the little fishing village and hundreds of peasants thronged the seashore to witness the bringing in of the bodies of those who had perished. But amongst that crowd of fisher folk one face was conspicuous by its absence. 'Twas none other than that of the old man who had watched beside the ocean that previous day. None other than Fate himself.

ELMORE ISIDORE LEE, '04.



### Chicago's Great Stock Market.

One of the most important points of interest of the many in Chicago is the Union Stock Yards. A visit to that city is not complete without seeing the wonderful plant of Armour & Co., which is the largest in the world.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Benner, one of our former professors, who at present is employed at Armour's as government inspector of meats, I was taken through the entire plant and shown the method of killing cattle.

Cattle consigned to their various owners arrive daily from all parts of the country and are then sent to the slaughter house to be killed.

Returning to Armour's we first saw the hogs meet their fate, of which they were unconscious. They were driven through a long narrow pen to an enclosure where there was a large revolving wheel about ten feet in diameter. On this wheel were several long iron chains. The hogs were driven into this pen four and five at a time, and here a man tied a chain to the left hind leg of each hog.

They were then raised to the top of



the wheel where they were hooked on to a long iron rail on which they were sent sliding down to a large hot water vat. On the way they were stuck in the wind-pipe by a man as they passed by him. After they had bled to death they were dropped into a hot water vat so as to soften the bristles on their skin. They were then run through a machine which scraped the bristles off their skins and left the body clean and white.

From then on they were put on a moving sidewalk and were left to pass the government inspector's sharp eye. If they had any disease, such as hog cholera, jaundice or tuberculosis, they were stamped with a red tag on which was printed "Condemned Meat." This meat is made into lard or fertilizer, depending on how bad the case is. They were then sent to the cooling rooms, where they were given a final inspection and sent to the floor below to be packed and shipped.

Some of the finest of the young hogs are transported to England, where they bring a fancy price.

We next proceeded to the floor above where the beef cattle were being killed. The cows and steers were driven into pens where they were hit in the head by a man with a sledge hammer. They were then strung up on a rail and bled, the blood being saved for fertilizer. The hide was then taken off and the insides taken out, and the bodies weighed, inspected and sent to the cooling room to be prepared for shipment.

Sheep were killed in much the same way as the hogs, only they were exempt from taking a hot water bath. Ladies are not permitted to see the sheep killed, as many of them faint at seeing the innocent animals slaughtered.

On the day that I visited Armour & Co., five thousand hogs and sheep were

killed and two thousand two hundred and fifty steers. Occasionally this number is greatly exceeded and the employees, who number nearly ten thousand, have to work far into the night to complete their work.

BERNARD A. ZALINGER, '04.



### Superstition in the Orient.

From the earliest ages the Oriental races have had a firm belief in superstition. This continues from generation to generation, and this belief is unchanged to this very day. The times have changed, the world has progressed, man has become civilized, but superstition is still in the minds of the people of the Orient.

All people believe more or less in superstition, but the Orient has made less progress than any other country, and has curious superstitions. Superstition is of many kinds and varieties; one form is the wearing of amulets. Amulets (from the Arabic word Hamalet) are supposed to protect the wearer against witchcraft, sickness, accidents and other evils, or deliver him from ills under which he labors.

Amulets are of many different kinds and substances, those of stone, metal and strips with or without characters or legends engraved or written on them being the most common. Amulets are also made of fragments of old hats once worn by saints, and are worn as talismen.

I am a native of the holy land, and I remember an occasion when I was sick. Our neighbor, an old woman, brought me a small piece of an old hat, saying that it was worn by her old grandfather, who was a holy Rabbi in Russia. I remember also how the old woman as-

*Continued on page 10.*

# THE GLEANER.

Published Monthly by the Students of the National Farm School, Doylestown, Pa.

ACTING EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

BERNARD A. ZALINGER, '04.

Max Malish, '05, Agricultural.

Elmore I. Lee, '04, Personal and Social.

Max Morris, '05, Athletics.

Harry Sadler, '03, Exchanges.

Business Manager,

MEYER GOLDMAN, '03.

Associate Business Manager,

ABRAHAM FREIDES, '05.

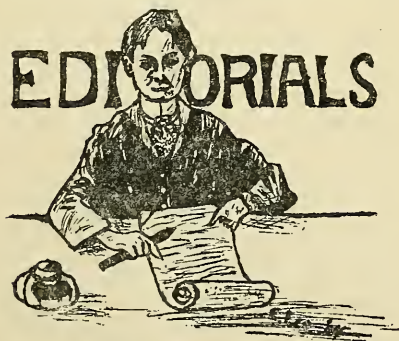
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Entered at the Post Office at Doylestown, Pa., as second class matter March 23, 1901.



ANOTHER change has occurred in the editorial staff of THE GLEANER to the regret of all concerned. George S. Borovik, '03, who has so ably filled the office of editor-in-chief for the past four months, has felt the necessity of tendering his resignation, on account of the pressure of studies and other work, which his editorial position compelled him to neglect. At a meeting of the student body a vote of thanks was extended to

Mr. Borovik for the conscientious and able manner in which he had fulfilled his duties. As the annual election takes place in May, it was thought best by the student body to have the associate editor, in co-operation with the staff, continue the publication until the expiration of the editorial term, when a new editor-in-chief from the Senior class will be elected to guide the official organ of the students through the tempestuous seas of journalism.

\* \*

Friendship is an easy thing to knit; yet harder still to bind. Be careful in whom you put your confidence, for many a good man's character has been blasted by the utterances of one whom he supposed to be his friend.

\* \*

We know it is discouraging to a student to have his article handed back to him unpublished. Disappointment is a severe teacher; but because your article has been rejected do not become disheartened and say you will not write again. Remember that success is achieved not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall.

\* \*

The snows of winter are melting away and spring is near at hand. To the college student it is especially welcome. Soon the campus will be thronged with dusty warriors and peals of laughter will rend the air, for out-door sports will then be in full sway.

\* \*

A recent addition to our library is thirty volumes of the "World's Best Literature." These are of inestimable value to the Seniors and Juniors who are at present taking a course in American Literature, for they furnish an excellent insight to the lives and characters of America's greatest authors.

\* \*

Victories can be won by the heart as well as by the sword.



## → HORTICULTURE ←

### Landscape Gardening.

This important branch of horticulture is making rapid progress in this country, and, unlike in other countries, it is here comparatively a new art which is developing upon a line different from those of other countries. The art of landscape gardening marks the character of the people. During the colonial times fear of the Indians, the oppression of England, the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, and Civil War, were not only periods during which nobody could think of beautifying his home surroundings or of decorating the graves of his deceased friends. The simple reason was, one was not sure whether he would be permitted to enjoy the full benefit of the grounds he was beautifying or that they would fall into the hands of the enemy. Secondly, to decorate the graves of dead friends would be an enormous task in those days of Indian massacre and civil war; but as soon as peace and prosperity returned, the minds of the people turned towards beautifying their homes and to establishing pleasure grounds. They were greatly handicapped in their work, as there were then very few competent landscape gardeners who were able to comply with the wishes and demands of the people, and implements were so few and poor that it was an immense labor to keep a lawn clean of weeds. The revolving cutter, without which the landscape gardener of to-day cannot get along, was not invented until the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The successful landscape gardener must be well educated, of an artistic nature, and have an inherent love of nature. He must also be familiar with various arts and handicrafts, such as the making of roads, grading, draining, en-

riching the soil, etc. It should be remembered that there are fully one thousand different species and varieties of ornamental trees and shrubs, and about one hundred and twenty thousand different species of plants. Out of this vast number arboriculturists and florists have selected a great many which are classed as ornamental. Each of these species have different habits of growth, and accordingly require different care and treatment which the landscape gardener must be acquainted with.

Landscape gardening is distinguished from gardening; the former is the making of designs with plants, the main interest therefore centering in the art, while in the latter it centers in the plants. The main object then of landscape gardening is the making of a picturesque garden, or of so beautifying a certain area of land by the judicious planting of trees, shrubs and plants that it should be pleasing and charming to the eye. In the profession, the term landscape architecture or landscape engineering is preferred, thus giving it the dignity of architecture or engineering, but in the construction of parks, where roads, ponds and sometimes bridges are necessary to be built, either of the above terms may be used.

The aim of the landscape gardener, as has been said, is to make a picture, but this picture must be natural and shall express some single thought. The different plants with their different colors shall be made to harmonize with each other, no matter how large the number of plants or how vast the area is. Thought should be given not only to the harmonizing effect during the blooming time, but also for the time when the tender plants will wither and die and the hardy kinds will shed their leaves and prepare for the season of rest. If no

forethought is given to this, during the fall and winter, the once beautiful picture will represent a hideous sight. In our national parks and public grounds, however, great care is taken in this respect, and during the fall, and even winter, it represents a cheerful scene.

A yard or lawn with bushes or flower beds scattered over it is not a landscape garden. America leads the world in inventions, in agricultural products and machinery, and the time is not far when it will also lead in the landscape art. An important move has been made already in this direction, i. e., having cemeteries park-like, and we now have quite a few burying grounds which are examples of landscape art, notable of which is Grace-land Cemetery, Chicago.

The tasteful grouping of trees, shrubbery, fountains and statues around our national capitol, the sloping lawns and well-kept terraces, are fine examples of landscape gardening. People are now becoming interested in tasteful gardening and those who are preparing to enjoy it not only take an interest in the correct principles of landscape gardening itself, but first-class landscape gardeners are in great demand.

The small home garden was the beginning of landscape gardening in this country, and according to Prof. Bailey, this type is not extinguished, and it will not die so long as hearts burn for the out-of-door life and souls long for the beauty and solace which nature affords.

In the beginning of spring every city resident, who is fortunate enough to have a small piece of ground near the house suitable for the growing of plants, is thinking of planting something for the purpose of seeing the work of nature. There can really be no greater joy for the lover of nature than to plant the seeds, and then to see the tiny blades of

grass peeping out of the ground and growing larger and stronger every day. In the course of a few months a bud will form, and a few days later a beautiful flower will appear. Here is one of nature's greatest secrets, which man with all his knowledge can not discern. The flower lives for a few days and then withers and dies. But in its stead will be found the seeds for new plants.



### Washington's Birthday Program.

Washington's Birthday was again commemorated by the students of the National Farm School.

A lengthy and interesting program was prepared and at an early hour a large and appreciative audience had gathered to witness the entertainment.

We are much indebted to Miss Bloom, Miss Magill and Mr. McConnell, of Doy-lestown, and Mr. Feuternick, of Philadelphia, for the part they rendered on the program, which was as follows:

Overture—"Gigue".....J. Klein  
Opening Address.....M. Levy  
Vocal Solo—"If I But Knew".....E. Lee  
Banjo Selections.....Prof. Madison  
Farce—"Box and Cox,"

Messrs. Felsenfeld, Reinitz and Serber  
Scene from the "Prisoner of Chillon,"

M. Levy  
Mandolin Sketch.....A. Browarsky  
Monologue.....M. Morris  
Piano Solo.....Miss Magill  
Original Impersonations.....E. Lee  
Vocal Solo—"When I Think of You,"

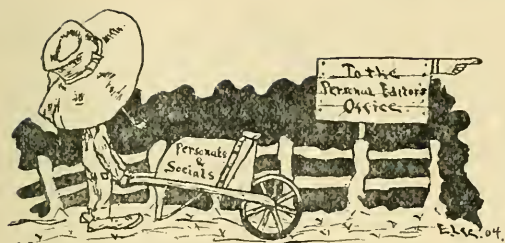
Miss Bloom  
Accompanied by Mr. McConnell  
Graphophone Selections,

Mr. B. Feuternick  
Violin Duet—"Hearts and Flowers,"  
Messrs. Horn and Browarsky



Prof. Madison (in Greenhouse Management, talking about roses)—"What color is Mrs. Morgan?"

Morris, '05—"I guess she's white like most women."



A funny thing happened to me;

As I was getting off the cars,  
I slipped and fell, 'twas broad day light,  
But I declare that I saw stars.

Felsenfeld, '06—"What are those  
hens scratching about that rye field  
for?"

Prof. Shepard (trying his wit)—"They  
are trying to raise crops."

Prof. Gage (in Literature)—"Who was  
the 'Prince of Tyre?'"

Monblatt, '04—"He must have been  
a bicycle racer."

A cry of "murder!" rent the air,  
The harbinger of untold crime;  
We hurried thro' the silent halls,  
And found Margulies killing time.

Levy, '03, has been elected historian of  
the Senior class.

Kysela, '05—"Do you like smoked  
tongue?"

Reinitz, '06—"I like it chewed better."

Malisch, '05—"I notice that Klein is  
the recipient of monthly allowances."

Serber, '05—"Yes, the change seems  
to be doing him good."

Some of our Philadelphia students are  
so slow they can't catch cold.

Dr. Washburn (in Meteorology, ex-  
plaining the weather map)—"You see  
the words 'High' and 'Low,' do you  
not?"

Browarsky, '06 who is a manipulator  
of cards)—"Yes, sir; but where is the  
Jack?"

Friedes (reading Mediaeval History)—  
"They lived in bacteria (Bactria) and  
travelled in valises (vehicles)."

An autobiography does not neces-  
sarily mean a biography written in an  
automobile.

A hard thing to preserve—si-  
lence.

Prof. Shepard (in agriculture)—  
"You can see that this yellow  
mortar only costs three cents a  
bushel and this fine white mortar,  
seven cents a bushel. What's the  
difference between the two?"

Voice from rear—"Four cents."  
(Exit voice).

#### BASE-BALL NOTES.

A long fellow generally finds great  
difficulty in playing short-stop.

A home run—When the fellows are  
working in the fields and the dinner-  
bell rings.

Prof. Hoops—"Have you a block  
handy?"

Horn, '06—"Yes, here comes Wein-  
berg."

The prize of the grand drawing held  
under the auspices of the Literary So-  
ciety, was won by Borovik, '03.

A good way of getting rid of milk—  
cheese it.

Prof. Madison—"Do you understand  
the handling of horses?"

Norvick, '06—"Well, I can't say that  
I do, but I've had a great deal to do  
with the handling of Colts" (revolvers.)

"My, but you are awfully stuck up,"  
said a flea to a mosquito who was strug-  
gling to free himself from the fly paper.

Dr. Washburn (in Meteorology)—  
"While our maps and globes have lines  
denoting the parallels of latitude and  
longitude, there are no lines on the  
earth."

Taubenhouse, '04—"How about  
clothes lines?"

Prof. Shepard is explaining a geo-  
metrical problem and is juggling the  
chalk in his hand. Voice from rear—  
"Seven, come eleven, Professor."

In Literary Society. Question—"Can  
you tell why the authorities postponed  
the St. Louis Exposition until 1904?"

Monblatt, '04—"Why, the president  
of the exposition wants to wait until I  
graduate."



### Superstition in the Orient.

*Continued from page five.*

sured me that it would always keep me in good health.

Certain herbs and animal preparations are used in the same way as protectors against the evil of other people. Mothers refuse to walk with their children in the street for fear that some one may envy her, which would result in evil for the children.

Amulets, made of coal ashes and worn between the eyes prevent sickness, which would otherwise be brought on by envy.

Conjury by force of magic, words, witchcraft and sorcery are employed by magicians to raise the devil and compel him to execute their commands. Sorcerers, by the use of words or by means of images or other representations of persons or things, produce strange and supernatural effects. Many persons pretend to use witchcraft to tell fortunes or to discover things that were stolen.

People believe in persons pretending to have the supernatural faculty of obtaining from invisible spirits manifestation of powers. It is believed that magicians have the power to restore husbands to the wives whom they have deserted.

People believe also that men after death become demons or guardians over mortals, helping those who are good and friendly to them, and persecuting the evil.

The belief in immortality of the soul appears as a doctrine, according to which the soul is re-born in lower animals, such as donkeys, dogs, etc. Many suppose the phantom souls to be transported to some distant region, there to continue a life more or less similar to the present, but with little or no trace of moral retribution.

Disease among them is accounted for by possession by demons who are often themselves human souls and who enter the bodies of their victims, causing all kinds of illness, and especially the phenomena of convulsions and delirium in which the victim seems actually animated by a spirit of his own.

All nature being animated, every brook and well, every rock and glade is peopled by nature's spirit.

Children with an hereditary tendency to epilepsy are brought to magicians, who demonstrate that the systems are under the control of a demon who is brought forth willingly or by violent dancing, and heating drugs through the witchcraft of the necromancers and thus cure the patients.

The number thirteen is considered dangerous. A family which contains thirteen members is always in misfortune.

A crow flying over the roof on a Sunday is a sign of mischief.

There are many other superstitious beliefs which we should make every possible effort to eradicate.

JACOB TAUBENHOUSE, '04.

**T**HE MERRY ADVENTURE OF WEINBERG AND THE STEAM PIPE; in which he learns to his great sorrow that all things that look cool to the eye are not always cooling to the touch \* \* \*

Weinberg, '06, one evening returned from a hard day's toil, and feeling rather tired sat down on a steam pipe, the first thing that suggested itself, to rest his weary bones. But not long did he sit, for a feeling of warmth, accompanied by a burning sensation, crept over him. Jumping up he grabbed hold of the seat of his trousers and yelling at the top of his voice "I've got it! I've got it!" made off for the nearest ice house where he might cool off.

E. I. L., '04.

## → ATHLETICS ←

"Wonders never cease." How often has this saying occupied our minds? To some it has probably never proved itself, while to others it comes almost miraculously. In our case it happens to be the latter.

It came in the form of a twenty-five dollar check, from Mr. Raab, of New York, for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

It would have done Mr. Raab good to have heard the applause that greeted the announcement of the gift. Yells of joy sounded and resounded through the schoolroom, while cheer after cheer was given the donor.

This magnificent donation puts the Athletic Association on a firm basis, and if the base-ball season proves to be a failure, the cause cannot be attributed to the hitherto familiar cry "lack of funds." At present the financial standing of the A. A. is better than it has ever been, and we owe this to our benefactor, Mr. Raab.

The pen of this editor cannot do justice to the donor of such a gift, but in the attempt it conveys to Mr. Raab the inexpressible thanks of each and every student together with the best wishes for a long and prosperous life.

The low financial standing of the A. A. has been the cause of many disastrous seasons of base-ball as well as foot-ball; that is, as to games. This being remedied now through the efforts of some of the students, the oncoming base-ball season should prove a grand success.

Material, while not abundant, is sufficient to organize a team that will do honor to its Alma Mater. This has already been demonstrated in the short practice held when the weather permitted. From last year's team there remain Lee, Levy, Klein, Sadler, Monblatt and Morris. With

these as a nucleus, the best team that the Farm School ever had should be placed in the field.

The call for candidates has as yet not been issued, but when it is, the largest number that ever answered a captain's summons will assemble to compete for positions.

Practice will be held as usual every afternoon. Catching flies by the outfield and stopping grounders by the infield, will constitute the work of the first few weeks; later on batting practice will begin. Then, after the players have reached the point of satisfaction in these lines, team-work will occupy the time until the opening of the season. By this systematic practice, one branch of the game will not suffer at the expense of another.

There is one thing that the student body will have to dispense with, and that is jeering a player when he errs. This practice has already begun, and if continued the chances for a team are meagre, for no one will sacrifice time to attend practice and then be jeered when he makes an error. Instead of encouraging the players the students who witness the practice, make it very disagreeable for them by their sarcastic remarks. This has disgusted many of our best players who were forced to withdraw their names from the list of candidates. The students should bear this in mind and not let it occur again.

The officers of the A. A. elected for the ensuing year are: B. Zalinger, Pres.; S. Felsenfeld, Vice Pres.; A. Monblatt, Sec. and Treas.; and E. Lee, Gen. Mgr.

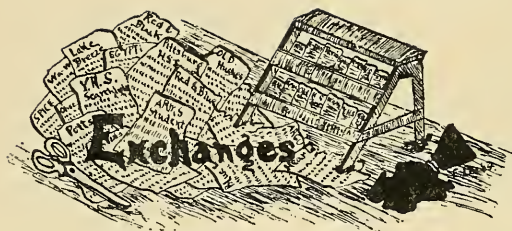


(With apologies to Dante Alighieri.)

In the midway of an examination,

I found me in a hard problem, astray;  
But soon my pony to the rescue hurried,

And to the right path calmly lead the way.



#### DELAY UNNECESSARY.

Bartender—"Can't do it. Your bill already amounts to over six dollars."

Slouchy Boozer—"I know it, but I'm going to settle that. I have some real estate on my hands and as soon as I dispose of it—"

Bartender—"You will find soap and water in the wash-room."

We notice that the journals from some of the co-educational schools are alternately published by the boys and girls. This is an excellent plan and reveals the bright side of co-educational school life.

Our new exchanges this month are *Blue and White*, *The Mirror*, Hazleton, Pa., and *Warwick Institute Life*. The latter is small but mighty. The two former make a fair showing,

#### AN ELOPEMENT IN TWO STANZAS.

There once was a man from Nantucket,  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,

But his daughter named Nan,  
Ran away with a man,  
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket—  
The man and the girl with the bucket;

And he said to the man,  
You are welcome to Nan,  
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

"When Greek meets Greek" is a story worth while reading; it appears in *The Tome-Agora*.

Many of the exchanges this month arrived containing excellent cuts, notable among them being *Dramatic Club*, *Red and Black*, Philadelphia; foot-ball teams in *Latin and High School Review*, *Aegis*, *Susquehanna*, and *Flakawinn*. *The Tome-Agora* contains one of the girls staff.

Read "A Lady on the Telephone" in *The Red and Black*.

"An Experience" in *The Wa-Wa* promises to be interesting.

"A Valedictorian" in the *Pottsville High School Monthly* is well written and very interesting.

We received *The Lake Breeze* in a very shabby cover. The material doesn't altogether contradict the opinion of the reader. It seems to be retrograding rather than progressing.

"An Interesting Little Tale" in *The Red and Black* of Chicago, is a very appropriate story for school journals and should be read by all the students.

Traveller (to waiter)—"Do. you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Yes, we serve any one; sit right down."

"You say as the evening wore on. What did it wear?"

"Why the close of the day, of course."

Teacher—"Johnny, what is the richest country in the world?"

Johnny—"Ireland."

Teacher—"Why so?"

Johnny—"Because the capital is always Dublin."

We acknowledge the receipt of the following with thanks:

*The Harvard Monthly*, *The Latin and High School Review*, *The Crucible*, *Iris*, *Red and Black*, Chicago; *Red and Black*, Reading, Pa.; *Red and Black*, Philadelphia; *Academy Monthly*, *Balance Sheet*, *Susquehanna*, *Warwick Institute Life*, *Pottsville H. S. Monthly*, *The Tome*, *College Mercury*, *The Spectator*, *The Students' Herald*, *The Archive*, *High School Journal*, *Pittsburg*; *The Pulse*, *The Cynosure*, *The Flakawinn*, *Y. H. S. Searchlight*, *Cherry and White*, *The Racquet*, *Pierce School Alumni Journal*, *Aegis*, *Baker City High School Nugget*, *The Wa-Wa*, *The Spinster*, *The Mirror*, *Hazleton, Pa.*; *Blue and White*, *Student*, *The Grove City Collegian*, *The Distaff*, *Science and Craft*, *The Jayhawker*, *The Nautilus*, *Lake Breeze*, *Heraldo*, *News*, *White and Blue*, *Capitoline*, *Spectrum*, *Delphic News*, *Arms' Student*, *Egypti*, *Optomist*, *Helpful Thoughts*, *Petosky H. S. Review*, *Oracle*.



*Don't fail to visit the Jug in the Wall.*

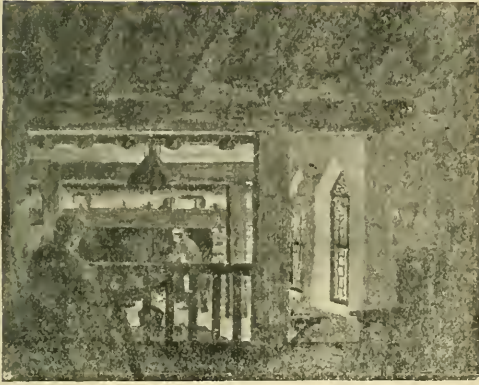
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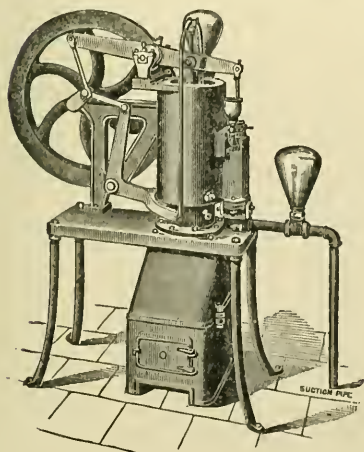
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